

THE SANDERSON TIMES

Volume 2

Sanderson, Texas, Friday Sept. 21, 1928

No 33

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DRYDEN NOTES.

By Mrs. W. R. House.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Nichols and children of Sanderson were down Sunday evening visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Henning and children from Sanderson spent the week-end with home folks.

Mrs. J. T. Hall and two children and Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Tarter and son from San Antonio visited J. T. Hall over Sunday.

W. A. Latimer made a business trip to Sanderson Saturday.

Mrs. Mary E. Chambers from San Antonio returned to her home Wednesday after spending the past two days with her daughter, Mrs. C. C. Chambers.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Chandler shopped in Sanderson Saturday.

Mrs. John Reynolds and children are spending several days with her mother, Mrs. M. Miller.

Ernest Miller left Sunday for San Antonio where he will attend junior college this term.

Mrs. Bartlett made a business trip to Sanderson Friday.

Miss Elsie Chandler went to Del Rio Monday to visit friends.

Those attending the social at Mrs. Lawrence's house in Sanderson Saturday afternoon for the teachers were: Mrs. A. L. White and Mrs. W. R. House.

Mrs. Boyd Cox is spending several days with Mrs. W. D. Chandler.

C. B. Bushager and wife left Monday for Del Rio.

The Doak left Sunday for McCann, Texas.

Murray McCain and Jim Condra attended the dance at Langtry Friday night.

Mrs. M. A. McCall, mother of Mrs. J. M. Rustin, is visiting relatives in Reawell, N. M.

FATS BEAT THE LEANS

Was Hard Fought Game With Many Casualties.

The ball game Sunday between the Fats and Leans was the best game of the season, the line-up of both teams was considerably strengthened since the last game and those that were not able to make the grade on both sides asked to be excused. The Leans lost some valuable players in Smith-Mills combination and no doubt this is responsible for their defeat.

Jim Nance, the hero of many battles, deserves considerable credit for the work he did. His pitching could not have been better and it is doubtful if any other team could have scored on him. The dynamite squad of the Fats proved entirely too much for this gentleman and in the sixth inning he gave up and the Leans could see defeat and no chance to escape. The brilliant fielding of Shortstop Buchanan and the First Baseman Giesby for the Leans was exceptionally good.

Captain Butler has the best Fat team in this country. They are all young men, not any of them under 20 years of age, nor over 29. Butler will not accept any players over 25 years of age on their last birthday. After a player reaches 25 Butler thinks his best days are gone.

The public was disappointed in this game inasmuch as they expected to see the Fats and Leans play, but as it was the Leans were entirely too old to get around on the bases. Everyone enjoyed themselves, had a good time and appreciated the efforts of the players which caused the old men to get around that much faster.

Butler attempted to buy the umpire, "Mr. Vaughn," better known as Bill. But Mr. Nance got wise to this and promptly buttonholed Mr. Umpire and raised the bid and it was then up to the Fats to do their best in playing a class of ball that the Leans could not beat.

With the score 4 to 6 in favor of the Fats, the Leans were much disappointed when they left the ball field.

The next game that is played the admission will be 35 cents for the grown-up ladies and gentlemen and 15 cents for the "babies" and this will also admit patrons to the barbecue. This game will be for the benefit of the old crippled piano tuners.

—Contributed.

SPECIAL TERM OF DISTRICT COURT

A special term of the District Court was held here Monday. Hon. Joseph Jones, district judge from Del Rio, presided and Luella Lemons, district clerk, and Sheriff J. J. Nance were also present.

At this special term the following case was heard: Hal A. Hamilton et al vs. D. Hart. This was a petition to divide the oil, oil rights and oil estate on certain tracts of land near the Val Verde-Terrell County line which was purchased several years ago by Hal A. Hamilton and R. M. Hamilton from D. Hart. When Mr. Hart sold the land he retained one-half interest of all mineral rights.

At the regular July term of court Judge Jones appointed E. F. Howard, W. D. Hunter and John Stovell as commissioners to partition the oil, oil rights and oil estate which they did and made their returns at this special term.

Williams-Graham.

Miss Chicora Graham of Alpine and Clayton Williams of Fort Stockton were married in San Angelo, Monday afternoon, September 10.

The bride, who is a charming and accomplished young woman, graduated from Sul Ross College at Alpine a few weeks ago. The groom is the son of Judge and Mrs. O. W. Williams of this place. He was born and reared in Fort Stockton. A few years ago he entered the oil business in which he has been very successful. He is looked upon as one of Fort Stockton's most substantial and progressive business men, who has the respect of all who know him.

Mr. Williams has under construction a very handsome cut stone residence, which when completed will be home to him and his bride.—Fort Stockton Pioneer.

Henshaw-Harrell.

A pretty home wedding was solemnized last Saturday evening at the ranch home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Harrell, when their daughter, Miss Mabel, was united in marriage to Wallace Henshaw. The Rev. J. A. McMullan, Presbyterian minister, read the impressive ring ceremony. The wedding was the culmination of a romance that started in school days.

The bride is one of the popular young ladies of this city and was reared and educated here. She is the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Harrell, prominent citizens of this city.

The groom is the son of W. W. Henshaw, prominent and old-time citizen of this county. He is an employee of the Texas-Louisiana Power Company an electrician.

This popular young couple has many friends here who extend to them congratulations and wish for them the best there is in life.

They have secured apartments at the F. N. Harrell home and will make this city their future home.

Students College Bound.

The exodus of students bound for the various universities and colleges will reach its peak this week.

Miss Helen Watson, daughter of Mrs. B. Watson, left Monday for Belton to enter Baylor College. She is a junior.

Miss Mattie Banner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Banner, will again be a student at the Southwest Texas State Normal at San Marcos. She left Saturday.

Miss Loreine Harrell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Harrell, left for Abilene where she will be a freshman at the Christian College in that city.

Miss Tropha Fred, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Fred, has again entered the University to continue her studies.

Miss Mattie Newton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Newton, is a student at Loretta Academy at Las Cruces, N. M.

Minton White has resumed his studies at the State University. Ernest Miller left this week for San Antonio where he will enter the junior college for a preparatory course in electrical engineering.

John Hall will study this year at St. Mary's College in San Antonio.

H. L. Stuckey Jr. will this year be a student at Sul Ross in Alpine.

Kendrick Harrell has returned to Kerrville where he will complete his studies at Schreiner institute.

Roy Milton Bogusch will be a student at the State University this year.

Tom Spencer has entered the West Texas Military Academy at San Antonio.

Last week Misses Anna Mitchell, Ruth Smith and Willie Mae Green entered Westmoreland College in San Antonio.

The Presbyterian Church.

This church invites you to its regular services next Sunday. We aim to make our interests community-wide, serving all those who wish to participate in serving with us, in the name and for the sake of the Master Servant—Jesus.

At 10 o'clock the Sunday school meets. Splendid teachers are ready to direct the various classes in Bible study.

Morning worship at 11 a. m. The minister will deliver a sermon on the topic, "Life's Master Motives."

Evening service at 8 o'clock. Sermon subject, "The Sheet Anchor of Life."

These sermons will deal with the vital relationships of mankind to life and God. We want you to hear them.

There will be special vocal numbers at the services.

Mrs. Kate James Cox urges your attendance at the Thursday evening song service—an informal "sing-song" in which anybody and everybody may join. Please don't forget it. Every Thursday evening at 7:45.

J. A. McMILLAN, Minister.

Methodist Church.

The pastor will preach his farewell sermon Sunday morning. He will not be here at the evening hour. He will start the annual conference the 29th.

Come and worship with us. C. H. ARMSTRONG, Pastor.

Thirst for knowledge
leaves no bad taste
in the mouth
FULLER PEP



A WISH

The birds are lucky, you'll admit; they do not fret a tiny bit about the way they are dressed. Their feathers never need be pressed. The fishes in the well-known sea are far more fortunate than we; their lives are peaceful and serene because their coats are always clean. And styles that worry me and you, mean nothing to the kangaroo!

Empire Cleaners & Dyers
Frank Robertson, Owner & Mgr.

Bazaar

The ladies of the Altar and Rosary Society will hold their semi-annual Bazaar at the Bohman Confectionery on Saturday, October 6. There will be many useful articles for sale, such as aprons, children's bonnets, etc. Pies and cakes will also be sold.

A COMPARISON OF SERVICES

Have goods from stores delivered to your home, have a suit of clothes altered, have a professional man perform a service, and you expect to pay for each and every service performed.

Ask a bank to perform any financial service—keep your books, furnish you with supplies, protect your funds, forward or collect your checks and you pay not a single penny.

All your banker asks for his services is the opportunity of making a fair profit.

This can be done only by maintaining a reasonable balance in your checking account.

The service fee at this bank simply gives us the possibility of an even break.

Sanderson State Bank
Sanderson, Texas

Auxiliary Meets.

The Presbyterian Ladies met at the church for Bible study September 17. Mrs. Laurence was teacher and the 8th chapter of Luke was the lesson. The circle meeting will be next Monday with Mrs. Harry Newton and Mrs. Breeding as leader.

—Reporter.

Laundry called for and delivered. Phone 37.

MANY TERRELL COUNTY LAMBS HAVE BEEN SOLD

Many live stock sales have been consummated recently, and this week heavy shipments of stock, mostly sheep, have been made.

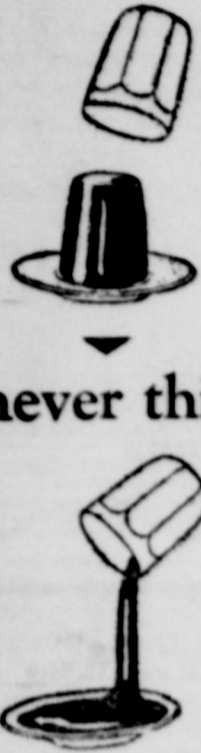
Contracting of this year's lamb crop continues among local ranchmen and a good price is being paid.

We Carry Everything Handled In A General Store

<h3>DRY GOODS</h3> <p>The Season's New and Best Styles</p> <p>DRESS GOODS, MEN'S SUITS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.</p>	<h3>GROCERIES</h3> <p>We Have Everything That's Good to Eat</p> <p>Canned Vegetables and Fruits, Jellies, Jams, Teas and Coffee.</p>
<h3>HARDWARE</h3> <p>We Are Headquarters for</p> <p>Hardware, Oil, Paints Stoves, Pipe Fittings, Wire, Nails, Studebaker Wagons</p>	<h3>FURNITURE</h3> <p>We Have a Nice Line of</p> <p>Chairs, Rockers, Tables, Dressers, Beds, Springs and Mattresses.</p>
<h3>LUMBER</h3> <p>Anything You Want in</p> <p>Building Material, Sash</p>	<p>Doors, Cement, Lime Brick, Roofing, Fencing.</p>

THE KERR MERC. COMPANY

The modern way to make jelly, use PEXEL and get this



never this

JELLY failure is a thing of the past. Pexel is here. It's a 100% pure-fruit product that always makes jelly jell. Absolutely colorless, tasteless, odorless.

Pexel makes any jelly jell by the time it is cold. With it, jelly is ready for the glasses as soon as it comes to full boil. Thus Pexel saves fruit, sugar, flavor, time and fuel. Right here it repays, from one to three times, the 30c it costs.

Get Pexel at your grocer's. A recipe booklet with complete recipes, accurate tables in each package. 30c. The Pexel Company, Chicago, Ill.



For example—with Pexel

- 4 1/2 cups strawberry juice and 8 cups sugar make 11 glasses jelly.
4 1/2 cups raspberry juice and 8 cups sugar make 11 glasses jelly.
6 cups currant juice and 10 cups sugar make 14 glasses of jelly.
4 1/2 cups grape juice and 7 cups sugar make 10 glasses jelly.

new

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic A Body Builder for Pale, Delicate Children. 60c

Also in Tablet Form Kills Headache DIXIE FEVER AND PAIN POWDER 25c

ST. LOUIS IS PAYING ITS DEBT TO LINDY

Building Municipal Airport at Cost of \$2,000,000.

St. Louis.—St. Louis has begun to liquidate its debt of gratitude to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, which largely will be repaid with the completion of the new \$2,000,000 municipal airport.

The airfield will be the equal of any in the world, its builders claim. The field contains 638 acres—more than a square mile—and will have a passenger terminal of proportions that a year ago would have astounded the most air-minded of voters.

The passenger station will have waiting rooms, a safe, roof garden and a shed 70 feet wide where planes will take on and discharge passengers. High above it will rise a control tower, office of the field dispatcher. There also will be offices for flying field executives.

Hangers, machine shops and buildings for radio and photographic work will be other structures in connection with the airfield. Two airplane manufacturing companies already are building factories on the field.

The low purchase price of land, adjacent to the Lambert-St. Louis field, which is the nucleus of the new airport, will permit more than \$1,500,000 of the \$2,000,000 to be spent on runways and buildings.

There will be four runways, almost a mile long and 200 yards wide. They will permit planes of any size to land or take off from any of the eight points of the compass.

Besides accommodations for commercial companies there will be hangars and machine shops for the reserve officers corps flying squadron and the naval reserve flying squadron.

Arrests Himself 108th

Orange, N. J.—Nicholas Verkovicz, forty-eight years old, who is one of the best carpenters in the Oranges and a Russian nobleman on the side, ran his string of arrests for intoxication up to 108 the other day.

The Romanoff, as his papers are said to prove him to be, is now an American citizen. He always calls on himself as a citizen to arrest himself as a law violator when he drinks too much. On this occasion, as usual, he took himself in his own custody to the Orange police headquarters and there surrendered his prisoner, preferring against him a well-founded charge of intoxication.

The one-time aristocrat appeared in court as a combined plaintiff and defendant, testifying against the accused, but at the same time asking for leniency on his behalf and suggesting that he be paroled in his own custody. But the court held that 108 times were too many.

"Thirty days in jail," said Judge Davis. "That is what I promised you the last time you were here."

New Heart Remedy

Paris.—A new drug for treating affections of the heart has been obtained from a common African plant of the order of the milkweed by a French chemist, Rene Hamet. It is a glucoside to which the name usarin has been given.

"Tough Racket"

New York.—Mrs. Edith M. Baker, thirty-five, widow, engaged in a "tough racket." That's what she calls taxi driving, her occupation. She does it to keep her sixteen-year-old boy in school.

Ancient Stone Lion

Still Rules Babylon

Babylon, Mesopotamia.—The Lion of Babylon still broods over the ruins of the once mighty city. Carved solidly in stone and resting heavily on its haunches, the beast gazes impassively on the remnants of the dead metropolis.

Members of the Field museum-Oxford university joint expedition visited the ruins at the conclusion of their season's work of excavating the neighboring city of Kish, near the Euphrates. Kish was the first city founded after the biblical flood, ancient inscriptions declare.

Near the lion is the great pyramid mound in Borsippa, in a suburb of Babylon. With its seven stages, this is said to be one of the possible sites of the tower of Babel mentioned in Genesis.

Also close to the ponderous-lionine figure are the ruins of El-Kasr, said to have been the palace of Nebuchadnezzar, ruler when Babylon was at the summit of its glory.

Beneath the figure of the lion lies a human shape, whether man or woman no one knows and none can tell the significance of the two except to suggest that the Lion of Babylon is crushing the rest of mankind.

Flamboyant Patriotism Too Often Made Cover for Governmental Misbehavior

By PROF. DAVID S. MUSSEY, Columbia University.

WHITEWASHING national heroes and wrongs of the past to conceal the political rapine and thievery of the present is no way to teach American history to students who have intellects of their own. Too many are using flamboyant patriotism to hide their questionable behavior in government office. Hero worship is being used to divert the American people from genuine patriotism.

I am not worrying about what anyone is thinking of George Washington. Rather, I am concerned with what Washington would think of our people of power today—the thieves, self-seekers and rascals we have in office. We can't begin to atone for our present-day evils by emphasizing the virtues of our forefathers.

If Washington had been given his choice do you think he would ask that his statue be erected in every public gathering place and building where our national leaders may kneel in adoration before entering their offices to rob the country of millions of dollars?

If we recognized the enormity of our debt to other nations, there would be no nation or flag in the world that we disliked. Aesthetically our flag is not the most beautiful in the world. It is what we read into it that counts. The country right or wrong attitude should not be cherished, but rather we should cherish the conception of a patriotism that demands a right country.

The present educational system seems to have for its object the training of the student to sell some one something he does not want, and not to become a more efficient producer.

Flowing Water Has Become the Most Valuable Servant of Mankind

By F. H. COLLIER, St. Louis Journalist.

Every considerable stream in America is being dammed; and soon we shall burn little except waterfalls for heat or power. Here, truly, is something that is inexhaustible; "so long as grass grows and water runs," the medieval synonym of perpetuity.

The heating of houses on a large scale by an electrical current is near; and then the triumph of domestic life is realizable—pressing a button to make the room warm. Verily, man is monarch and electricity is his servant. Flowing water is its father and a dam is its dam.

Strange, that though simple hydraulics were known to mankind thousands of years ago, that science should now be developed so far beyond its early beginnings. The primary elements are the source of all our strength, fire, water, air and earth. Every century new powers are found in them.

Discoveries are made that seem like necromancy. We may feel that we do not fathom the poet's mind; nor do we, that profit by the inventions of a thousand intellects, fathom the constructive scientific mind. Itself, it is one of the glories of man, mystic, incomprehensible creature that he is.

Use Imagination to Take the Place of Understanding of Higher Things

By GEROME EDWARDS (Unitarian), New York.

All of the higher phases of life require that an abundance of imagination be given in the expression of the original ideal. Consideration of the imaginations work in the development of the mind is getting to be of more and more importance.

Even physical scientists have come to the conclusion that the imagination is an important factor in bringing about physical manifestations, and they have to depend on the higher forms of thought to explain the simplest product of nature. In other words if man would understand the power within the universe and himself, he must rise to the larger viewpoint.

He must relax his contemplation of temporal things. He should not ask to have everything explained to him for his present plane of consciousness. He should be wise enough and open enough to admit that there are things that he does not understand yet; that there are realms of intelligence that he has not as yet touched; that there is a world existing all about him that he can comprehend only through the expansion of his mind. This requires a relinquishment of what we term "the intellectual understanding." Man must let go, at the same time he must take hold.

Parents in Error When Taking Juvenile Abnormalities Too Seriously

By DR. WESTON D. BAILEY, Philadelphia.

Parents often are needlessly distressed over some of the habits they observe in their children. "I'm afraid my little girl is going to become a storyteller," one mother confided. "She's always telling yarns filled with such very convincing details."

Parents should not reprimand children who tell tales of fancy, but cultivate their imaginations. The child lives in a realm of unbridled imagination. To a little girl her doll is a living person. When I was a boy I had a large box filled with spoils. I sorted them out by size into regiments and they became living, fighting soldiers. We must realize that the mental atmosphere of a child is entirely different from our own.

Sometimes, however, the actions of children who seem peculiar should be called to the attention of the family physician. These actions may be occasioned by some physical defect, such as diseased tonsils and adenoids.

Chances in Life, Not Bright Lights, Bring Rural Youth to Cities

By DAVID J. MALCOLM, Massachusetts School Superintendent.

The young folk of the rural areas do not migrate to the city because of the lure of the bright lights, but because of the greater economic opportunities offered there.

Young people of the farm look forward to living in the neighborhood in which they were raised, and often look on the life of the city as something to be avoided. However, when it comes to earning a living opportunities for employment are lacking in the country and they turn their feet toward urban areas.

As far as living conditions are concerned, the youth of the farm has most of the advantages formerly enjoyed only by his city cousin and none of the disadvantages which go with heavy traffic, crowded living conditions and artificial recreation.

FARMERS ARE BUSY UP IN NEW ENGLAND

Get Tourists' Money by Roadside Enterprise.

Portland, Maine.—The New England farmer, long hiding his gift for advertising, has kicked over the well-known bucket and set his light on the highway. There it shines in fantastic fashion, illuminating a new order of agriculture.

Its outward garb is an elaborate system of signs, picturesque placards and posters, that swamp the road-wearer traveler. They fairly shriek the excellence of roadside commodities. Artistic, grotesque or merely present, they strive for a common end—asiduous harvesting of the tourist crop.

And the avidity with which the rural Easterner attends to business attests the efficacy of his art as an advertiser. From dawn until long after dark, hands that once steadied the plow handle cut eager circles with the handle of a gas pump. Voices that once enjoined the sweat-soaked and recalcitrant steed now vent their persuasive power on the stranger who seeks rest and refreshment.

Why sweeter through a midsummer day in the hayfield, argues the farmer with profitable materialism, when the passing throng clamors to shed ready cash for buttermilk and watermelons?

Each year finds increasingly large numbers of farmers branching out into roadside enterprises. The ingenuity that formerly went into wrestling with the routine of the Pilgrims now is called upon to halt and hold the prospective patron of country cuisine.

So large that those who speed may read, so ambitious in design, and so heroic in expression that none pass unnoticed, the farmers' "ads" lure the hungry, the tired and the merely curious with inescapable appeal.

Japanese Railways Give Women Employees Vote

Tokyo.—The first step toward the realization of woman suffrage in Japan was taken recently by the Imperial government railways. The officials decided to grant all employees, regardless of sex, who are more than eighteen years old, the right to vote for the election of members of the railway committee on improvement and treatment of employees.

Although this is limited to those employed on the railways, suffrage leaders are of the opinion that it will have a favorable influence on the country and that it will not be many years before nation-wide suffrage has been achieved.

There are approximately 10,000 women employees of the railways who will vote for the first time in their lives. Up to the present only male employees twenty years old or over have been privileged to vote in the committee elections.

Most of the friendships broken off with a man who gets rich are broken by his former poor friends.

Needle Imbedded in Man's Heart Is Taken Out

Buffalo, N. Y.—Morgan Downey, twenty, is recovering in a hospital here after an operation for removal of a gold-tipped needle imbedded in his heart.

In the operation an opening was cut in the chest wall and the sac protecting the heart was opened. With his fingers the doctor was able to touch the tip of the needle in the back of the heart when the organ contracted.

It required 75 minutes to gain a firm hold and dislodge the needle. The needle was in the mattress of Downey's bed and in some manner pierced him. Downey attempted to pry it out but instead forced the sharp silver of steel further into his body.

Subsequent examinations showed the heart in its contractions had drawn the needle further into itself.

Title for Sale

Montreal.—Leon Guindinski, who says he is a Polish count, has advertised his title for sale. The count, who came to Canada last February, wants \$50,000 for his title. He says he needs money to support his wife and daughter.

Incinerator Gives Up Woman's Diamonds

Atlantic City, N. J.—Incinerator ashes the other day yielded four valuable diamond rings and brought to happy ending an odd little trick which fate played on Mrs. William Van Dyke Smith, a resident at a local hotel.

She wrapped the rings in tissue paper, intending to store them away. In a moment of absent-mindedness, however, she picked them off her dresser like so many wads of paper and tossed them into the waste basket.

Not until ten o'clock at night, long after the waste had been collected and sent to the incinerator, did she discover her mistake. She appealed to Frank Andrews, manager of the hotel, and a frantic search of the incinerator was begun. A number of employees especially assigned to the task of sifting the ashes finally came upon all four of the rings. They were returned to the owner, who valued them at \$15,000.

Hotel Men Very Much Law Unto Themselves

The queerest hotel in Britain is now closed. It was in a village near Bury St. Edmunds, and though it was fully licensed no traveler could quench his thirst there. Nor could he get food or any kind of accommodation. The owner was a rabid teetotaler who adopted this method of asserting his principles. In the end the justices refused to renew the license. They came to the conclusion that the public had no need of an inn which never opened its doors.

At a small Devonshire inn the food and accommodation are good, but the landlord refuses to allow his clients more than three drinks a day. He declares that three drinks are enough for anyone, and his plan seems to work very well.

Any Woman Can Look Stylish

By MAE MARTIN



Most stylish-looking women are just "good managers." They know simple ways to make last season's things conform to this season's styles.

Thousands of them have learned how easily they can transform a dress, or blouse, or coat by the quick magic of home tinting or dyeing. Anyone can do this successfully with true, fadeless Diamond Dyes. The "know-how" is in the eyes. They don't streak or spot like inferior dyes. New, fashionable tints appear like magic right over the out-of-style or faded colors. Only Diamond Dyes produce perfect results. Insist on them and save disappointment.

My new 64-page illustrated book, "Color Craft," gives hundreds of money-saving hints for renewing clothes and draperies. It's Free. Write for it now, to Mae Martin, Dept. E-143, Diamond Dyes, Burlington, Vermont.

Not Fond of Change

The record of Jorran W. Coombs, of Belfast, Maine, who has lived in the same house for 80 years, is surpassed by Lenon Martin, of Richmond, N. H. He was born on December 13, 1840, in a house that was probably built in 1835 and has lived there ever since—87 1/2 years. He says that it seems pretty much like home to him now. Mr. Martin also has a record of attending 64 consecutive town meetings in Richmond.

STOP THAT ITCHING

Use Blue Star Soap, then apply Blue Star Remedy for Eczema, itch, tetter, ringworm, poison oak, dandruff, children's sores, cracked hands, sore feet and most forms of itching skin diseases. It kills germs, stops itching, usually restoring the skin to health. Soap, 25c; Blue Star Remedy, \$1.00. Ask your druggist.—Adv.

Rat Wore "Corset"

A rat caught at Hastings, Neb., appeared to be wearing a sort of giraffe or corset. Examination showed that the rat while small had been unable to shake it off. The hole in the bone was not much over an inch in diameter, so that as the rat grew, its waistline could not develop. It had much the appearance of the wasp waist of the ladies of years ago.

Most of the friendships broken off with a man who gets rich are broken by his former poor friends.



The Traffic Officer

If every car owner used Champion Spark Plugs there would be fewer traffic jams due to cars stalling.

Champion is the better spark plug because it has an exclusive aluminum insulator specially treated to withstand the much higher temperatures of the modern high-compression engine. Also a new patented solid copper gasket-seal that remains absolutely gas-tight under high compression. Special analysis electrodes which assure a fixed spark-gap under all driving conditions.

CHAMPION Spark Plugs

Dependable for Every Engine

One of the saddest disillusionments is to go back and find your homesteadings wasn't worth while.



MOST people know this absolute antidote for pain, but are you careful to say Bayer when you buy it? And do you always give a glance to see Bayer on the box—and the word genuine printed in red? It isn't the genuine Bayer Aspirin without it! A drugstore always has Bayer, with the proven directions tucked in every box.



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocellulose and Cellulose

Want American Ideas

An association of German architects, promoting an exhibition under the name of "The New Kitchen" has asked American producers of kitchenettes to use the exhibition to show Germany some of the latest American ideas of household efficiency.

This much of the golden rule always works: Helping a man find something he's lost on the street.

Advertisement for FAULTLESS STARCH. Text: 'for Gingham or Organdies USE FAULTLESS STARCH'. Includes illustration of a woman and a box of starch. Text: 'NO better evidence that FAULTLESS STARCH is the perfect starch—that it needs nothing added—could be required than it gives perfect results with either gingham or organdies. Like a prepared cake or pancake flour FAULTLESS STARCH is a complete product. To add anything to FAULTLESS STARCH would spoil it. It has exactly the right consistency, is free from lumps, is velvety and has no "specks". It is a clean starch. Your irons won't stick. There will be no freezes or blowouts. Your clothes will be soft and pliable and have a beautiful gloss. Clothes starched the FAULTLESS WAY look better and wear longer as Faultless Starch penetrates every thread and fibre of the fabrics. For 40 years in more than a million homes, housewives have found that the "Faultless way" is the easiest way'. FAULTLESS STARCH CO., Kansas City, Missouri. Faultless Starch is Sold Everywhere.

R. A. HALBERT LEASES RANCH AT SANDERSON

Robert Halbert, one of Sutton County's most prominent and successful young ranchmen, last week closed a deal for a five-year lease on 23,000 acres of the Downie Estate ranch near Sanderson. In the deal Mr. Halbert bought 2,200 three to five-year-old ewes. He will take charge of the new ranch September 15. Roscoe Morris of this place, engineered the deal.

Mr. Halbert is now operating over one hundred sections of land and has this acreage stocked with cattle, sheep and goats. He is the son of R. F. Halbert, San Angelo fruit grower and banker.—Devil's River (Sonora) News.

Christmas Cards.

Inspect our line of Christmas cards before you buy elsewhere. By placing your orders now you will be insured a prompt delivery and will not be disappointed. THE TIMES.

Let me bake your pastries, cakes, etc., for that party. Mrs. H. D. Johnson

Ray Caldwell and mother, Mrs. A. B. Freeman, have returned from Great Falls, Mont., where they spent the summer visiting relatives.

Miss Mary Ellen Bohlman left last Saturday for Burton, where she will teach in the schools this term. Miss Bohlman will teach in the grades and English and Spanish in the high school.

Just received a nice line of ladies and misses fall hats in felts and velvets. See my line before buying. Mrs. W. R. House.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Fletcher visited friends and relatives in San Antonio several days this week.

SENIOR CLASS ORGANIZED.

The 1928-29 Senior Class of Sanderson High School, consisting of the following students, Clyde Whistler, Fay Appel, Bill Henshaw, Jack Stovell, Hazel Hill, C. C. Mitchell, Julian Kessler, Woodlief Howard, Ray Qualtrough, Gus Kercheville, and Beverly Franklin, held their first senior meeting Wednesday. The following officers were chosen: President, Beverly Franklin; Vice President, Gus Kercheville; Secretary-Treasurer, C. C. Mitchell; Class Reporter, Hazel Hill.

There is to be a meeting in the near future at which we will choose class colors, motto, and flower.

Hazel Hill, Reporter.

T. J. Banner Sr., known to all his numerous friends as "Grandpa," was in town last week from the Banner ranch and spent two or three days with relatives and friends. He said everything on the ranch was just doing fine but a rain right now would be beneficial. Grandpa's friends are always glad to welcome him to town.

Don't forget the dates, October 1st to October 6th, 9x12 genuine Gold Seal Congoleum rugs for \$10.95. Other sizes priced in proportion, at Kerr's.

Mrs. M. Boozer of El Paso is visiting her son and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Boozer.

Mrs. William McDonald and children have returned from a visit to relatives in San Angelo and other points.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo. McDonald have returned from a visit with relatives at Menard, Texas.

Remember the big free barbecue at the ball park. Announcement and full particulars will be in next week's Sanderson Times.

Chester Bedwell Thoroughly Trained in Short Time

Mr. Chester E. Bedwell, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Bedwell, Gasoline, Texas, writes a very interesting letter from Quitaque, Texas. Chester demonstrated that a thorough training can be acquired within a very short time at Tyler College when he completed the Bookkeeping, Automobile accounting, Shorthand, Typewriting and Business administration courses within 3 months and 12 days. The same combination of courses in any other school would require at least five times that time. Mr. Bedwell writes:

"Thank you for giving me the offer for a position at Nacogdoches. I appreciate the services of your Employment Department. However, since I have several offers of positions nearer home, I must decline your offer. Two of the positions will be mentioned in this letter.

I was offered a position in the First National Bank at Quitaque, Texas, with the understanding that I would be promoted to cashier as soon as I understand the business, which would take only a short time. I was offered a job with the Lockney Oil Mill at Lockney, Tex., which belongs to Anderson & Clayton. This is a large company and, having a large field for advancement, I accepted in preference to the bank. I consider my Tyler training very valuable. It has enabled me to take advantage of opportunities. I finished my course within a short time and I can heartily recommend Tyler Commercial College as THE school of business."

Beyond a doubt, it is demonstrated that Tyler Commercial College is the school for YOU. What Mr. Bedwell says is the experience of thousands of boys and girls from all over the Southwest who train thoroughly in America's largest business training school.

In "Achieving Success in Business" are scores of other letters from graduates whose experience can be yours. Sit down now and write for the big book. It is absolutely free and it may mean much to your future. Clip the coupon and mail it NOW.

(We have no branch schools. We lead; others follow.)

TYLER COMMERCIAL COLLEGE Tyler, Texas.

Name _____ Address _____ See Editor of The Times for scholarship.

B. Y. P. U. SOCIAL

The B. Y. P. U. had a very enjoyable social meeting Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Knox.

The young folks met at six o'clock and upon arriving was served a delicious salad course. A short business meeting was held at which the discussion was held in regard to the studying of the manual. All the young folks enjoyed the evening very much and always look forward to their social meeting.

SUNBEAMS MEET

The little band of Sunbeams held their regular meeting last Tuesday afternoon at the church. The program which they were to have on the 24th has been postponed for a few weeks on account of the protracted meeting that will begin Sunday.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Little Royetta Knox was hostess to a number of her friends at her home last Friday in honor of her birthday. The little folks enjoyed games on the lawn and were served ice cream and cake. About 60 guests were present and many gifts were showered on the young hostess.

The week of October 1st to October 6th will be Congoleum rug week at Kerr's.

THE SANDERSON TIMES

Official and Only Paper Published in Terrell County \$2 per year payable in advance MRS. ADDIE LEE BOLING Owner, Publisher and Editor Entered second class matter July 22nd, 1908, at the post office, Sanderson, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ANNOUNCEMENT COLUMN. District ----- \$15.00 County ----- \$10.00 Precinct, Commissioner, Justice of the Peace, Constable, \$5.00 Terms: Strictly cash in advance. No announcement inserted unless cash accompanies same. Announcements inserted in order in which fees are paid at office.

For Sheriff and Tax Collector. LEE A. COOK. W. J. BANNEK. For County and District Clerk: LUELLA LEMONS. for Re-Election.

E. F. HOWARD. For Tax Assessor: JIM NANCE. FRED YEATES. FOR RE-ELECTION

For County Treasurer: FRANK K. HARRELL. For Re-Election

For County Attorney: ALFRED E. CREIGH JR. J. CALVIN STANSELL. Re-Election.

For County Judge: G. J. HENSHAW. for Re-Election.

For Justice of the Peace Precinct No. 1: HENRY GATES. V. A. BROWN AND SON BUY RANCH

V. A. Brown, local ranchman, announces the purchase by himself and son, Joe, of 2,650 acres of land adjoining his ranch near Sanderson. This land, added to their holdings in that section, gives them a block of 20,850 acres.

Mr. Brown states that several improvements on the ranch will be made in the near future, including the laying of about four and one-half miles of pipe, which will carry water over a 435 foot hill to the ranch buildings. Several miles of fence will also be built. This property represents a considerable investment, and makes possible the stocking of a larger number of animals on the ranch.—Rocksprings Record.

FOR SALE—Angora billies. 14 head of Angora billies; big bone and heavy shearers. Roy Harrell, Sanderson, Texas. 4t

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Hart of Amarillo were Sanderson visitors the first of the week. Mr. Hart had legal business at the special term of court which was held here Monday.

\$10.95 for 9x12 Gold Seal Congoleum rugs at Kerr's, October 1st to October 6th. Other sizes in proportion. Buy rugs for those extra rooms.

Mr. and Mrs. Grady Lowrey of Del Rio were here this week. Mr. Lowrey was one of the attorneys in the Hamilton-Hart case which was disposed of here Monday.

Mrs. J. E. Landers has returned from El Paso, where she has been all summer with her son, John, who is working there.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Greigh Jr. and son were visitors in Alpine Monday. Mr. Greigh had some legal business to attend to there.

See Mrs. H. D. Johnson before getting your refreshments for that party.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burnside left Sunday for San Antonio and other points where they will visit relatives for the next couple of weeks.

Rev. J. A. McMillan was in attendance at the fall meeting of the Presbytery of West Texas which was held in San Antonio this week.

W. A. Powell left Tuesday for San Antonio where he will visit his wife who has been down there several weeks with their son, Fleming, who has been sick. The little fellow is getting along fine and hopes to be brought home real soon.

XAS

The STORY of BRAVE BEAR



RAIN-IN-THE-FACE Underwood by Underwood

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

IT LIES before me as I write—a little old-fashioned book with the word "Autographs" stamped upon its frayed and stained green cloth cover. You know the kind of book it is and you can easily guess its contents—pages after pages on which are written in the fine Spencerian handwriting of the "Elegant Eighties" some such "sentiment" as "In the present age, boys have grand opportunities; may you improve yours that no regrets shall mar your manhood. Your teacher, Elizabeth ——" Or in a sprawling school-girl hand, signed "Jennie" or "Minnie" or "Addie" is the declaration that

My pen is poor. My ink is pale; My love for you Shall never fail! If such were all that this "autograph book" contained, it would be no different from the thousands of others which were once cherished by our fathers and mothers and which now and then come to light again as we ransack an attic or delve into an old trunk. But this particular book contains an autograph (or perhaps I should say, "autoportraits") which makes it unique. On one of its pages is a pencil sketch, colored with bright purples and reds and blues, and signed by the Indian who drew it, "Brave Bear."

And so an American Indian day (September 28, this year) draws near and as I look at this little autograph with its unique "portrait of the artist by himself," I am minded to tell again the story of Brave Bear, a warrior of the Sioux. If there be left any who once knew Brave Bear, perhaps it may not seem quite appropriate to make an American Indian day, which is observed in many states "in recognition of the contribution of the American Indian to our national tradition," the occasion for retelling the story of an Indian who was notorious rather than famous. For, from the point of view of the white man, Brave Bear was a "bad Indian." But there were in him some of those qualities, characteristic of the American Indian, which no one, whether he be white or red, can help admiring.

Wapapay (Brave Bear or the Fearless Bear) was a member of the Cut Head band of the Yanktonal tribe of the Sioux in North Dakota. He first appears in history as the boon companion of the famous warrior, Rain-in-the-Face, popularly (and erroneously) known as the slayer of General Custer at the Battle of Little Big Horn. In his declining years Rain-in-the-Face told the story of his life to Dr. Charles A. Eastman, an educated Sioux, and it is in Doctor Eastman's book, "Indian Heroes and Great Chieftains," published by Little, Brown & Company, that Rain-in-the-Face tells how he, Brave Bear and Hohay, the Assiniboin captive of Sitting Bull, made a daring attack on Fort Totten, N. D., in the summer of 1867. Here is the story as Rain-in-the-Face told it:

Wapapay, the Fearless Bear, who was afterward hanged at Yankton, was the bravest man among us. He dared Hohay to make the charge. Hohay accepted the challenge, and in turn dared the other to ride with him through the agency and right under the walls of

the fort, which was well garrisoned and strong. Wapapay and I in those days called each other "brother-foes." It was a life-and-death row. What one does the other must do; and that meant that I must be in the forefront of the charge, and if he is killed, I must fight until I die also! I prepared for death. I painted as usual like an eclipse of the sun, half black and half red. Now the signal for the charge was given! I started even with Wapapay but his horse was faster than mine, so he left me a little behind as we neared the fort. This was bad for me, for by that time the soldiers had somewhat recovered from the surprise and were aiming better. Their big gun talked very loud, but my Wapapay was leading on, leaning forward on his feet pony like a flying squirrel on a smooth log! He held his "white shield" on the right side, a little to the front, and so did I. Our war-whoop was like the coyotes singing in the evening, when they smell blood! The soldiers' guns talked fast, but few were hurt. Their big gun was like a toothless old dog, who only makes himself hotter the more noise he makes. How much harm we did I do not know, but we made things lively for a time; and the white men acted as people do when a swarm of bees get into camp. We made a successful retreat, followed us yelling, until Hohay told them that he did not wish to fight with the captives of the white man, for there would be no honor in that. There was blood running down my leg, and I found that both my horse and I were slightly wounded.

After that daredevil feat, Brave Bear drops out of sight, at least so far as history records any of his doings. The next written record of him is in the book, "My Friend, the Indian," published by Houghton Mifflin company, and written by the late Maj. James McLaughlin, who as Indian agent on the Devils Lake and Standing Rock reservations in North Dakota had occasion in both places to know Brave Bear. In 1873 Brave Bear and a companion named The Only One entered the stable of a settler named DeLorme near Pembina, N. D., for the purpose of stealing horses. When two of the owners approached the stable, the two Indians shot and killed both and mortally wounded a third man. Then they entered the DeLorme house, shot and seriously wounded two women on there and after rifling the place and taking several horses escaped into the Missouri river country, passing through the Devils Lake reservation as they did so but keeping away from the agency. As soon as Major McLaughlin, who was then Indian agent at Devils Lake, heard of the crime, he reported it to the civil authorities of Dakota territory, but they were unable to capture the murderers. Five years later (in the winter of 1878) Major McLaughlin learned that Brave Bear and The Only One had returned to Devils Lake and were living among their people, the Cut Heads, in the western part of the reservation. Accordingly he arranged to capture them in the early spring before their ponies were in condition to start out on their usual raids against



BRAVE BEAR'S SELF-PORTRAIT

away. The Sioux boys whooped and yelled: "His enemy is down, and his face is spattered as if with rain! Rain-in-the-Face! His name shall be Rain-in-the-Face!" Afterwards, when I was a young man, we went on a warpath against the Gros Ventres. We stole some of their horses, but were overtaken and had to abandon the horses and fight for our lives. I had washed my face to represent the sun when partly covered with darkness, so I painted it half

black, half red. We fought all day in the rain, and my face was partly washed and streaked with red and black; so again I was christened Rain-in-the-Face. We considered it an honorable name.—Statement of Rain-in-the-Face to Dr. Charles A. Eastman in an interview, as reported in Eastman's "Indian Heroes and Great Chieftains," (Little, Brown & Company.)

To good-natured people, to be told that they are good-natured is consequently reward enough.

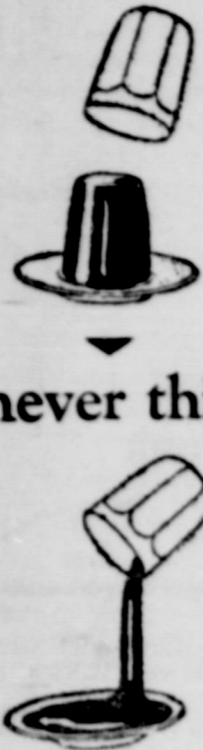
white settlements. He called a council of their band, feeling sure that they would not dare absent themselves from the council, and asked Capt. James M. Bell, who was stationed with two troops of the Seventh cavalry at Fort Totten to be on hand for the council and make the arrest.

His plan worked well, for as soon as the two Indians had entered the council room Lieut. Herbert J. Slocum with a file of soldiers surrounded them. As they passed out of the building under guard, The Only One made a desperate attempt to escape. He was shot by the soldiers as he bounded across the prairie, but when they approached he sprang up with a knife in his hand and died fighting. Brave Bear was taken to Pembina for trial but escaped from the jail there and made his way to the Pine Ridge reservation. Fearing arrest if he stayed there, he stole a horse and started north. Near Fort Sully he waylaid a settler named Johnson, killed him and taking the man's rifle, escaped into Canada, where he joined Sitting Bull's band of fugitives.

In the summer of 1881 Sitting Bull returned to the United States and surrendered and Brave Bear had no choice but to return with him and take his chances of escaping punishment for his crime. Sitting Bull's band was settled on the Standing Rock reservation. That fall Major McLaughlin took charge at Standing Rock, and Brave Bear, knowing that the major would be sure to have him arrested again, laid his plans to escape. But he delayed too long. A white man who had agreed to help him escape betrayed him and Brave Bear was made a captive for the last time. He was sent to Yankton, then the capital of Dakota territory, placed on trial for the murder of Johnson, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

While he was in the jail at Yankton awaiting execution he was the object of considerable interest for white visitors who had heard much of the Indian desperado. One of them, a rancher named Payne, took his small son, Whit Payne, with him to see Brave Bear and when the boy asked the Indian to write his name in his autograph book, Brave Bear not only did that but also drew the picture which is reproduced above.

The modern way to make jelly, use **PEXEL** and get this



never this

JELLY failure is a thing of the past. Pexel is here. It's a 100% pure-fruit product that always makes jelly jell. Absolutely colorless, tasteless, odorless.

Pexel makes any jelly jell by the time it is cold. With it, jelly is ready for the glasses as soon as it comes to full boil. Thus Pexel saves fruit, sugar, flavor, time and fuel. Right here it repays, from one to three times, the 30c it costs.

Get Pexel at your grocer's. A recipe booklet with complete recipes, accurate tables in each package. 30c. The Pexel Company, Chicago, Ill.



For example—with Pexel

- 4½ cups strawberry juice and 8 cups sugar make 11 glasses jelly.
- 4½ cups raspberry juice and 8 cups sugar make 11 glasses jelly.
- 6 cups currant juice and 10 cups sugar make 14 glasses of jelly.
- 4½ cups grape juice and 7 cups sugar make 10 glasses jelly.

new

Keep to the right and you'll never get left.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic
A Body Builder for Pale, Delicate Children. 60c

Also in Tablet Form
Kills Headache
DIXIE FEVER AND PAIN POWDER
25¢

ST. LOUIS IS PAYING ITS DEBT TO LI

Building Municipal Air at Cost of \$2,000,000

St. Louis.—St. Louis has begun liquidate its debt of gratitude to Charles A. Lindbergh, which will be repaid with the completion of the new \$2,000,000 municipal airport. Hardly had the ink dried on tabulation sheets of the recent airport bonds before construction work had begun. The favorable vote of nearly 5 to 1 was a tribute to aviation activities of Lindbergh, whose epochal flight to Paris was financed by St. Louisans.

The airfield will be the equal any in the world. Its builders claim the field contains 633 acres—more than a square mile—and will have passenger terminal of proportions that a year ago would have astounded the most air-minded voters.

The passenger station will have waiting rooms, a safe, roof garden and a shed 200 feet wide where planes will take on and discharge passengers. High above it will rise a control tower, office of the field dispatcher. There also will be offices for flying field executives.

Hangers, machine shops and buildings for radio and photographic work will be other structures in connection with the airfield. Two airplane manufacturing companies already are building factories on the field.

The low purchase price of land, adjacent to the Lambert-St. Louis airport, will permit more than \$1,500,000 of the \$2,000,000 to be spent on runways and buildings.

There will be four runways, almost a mile long and 200 yards wide. They will permit planes of any size to land or take off from any of the eight points of the compass.

Besides accommodations for commercial companies there will be hangars and machine shops for the reserve officers corps flying squadron and the naval reserve flying squadron.

Arrests Himself 108th Time for Intoxication

Orange, N. J.—Nicholas Verkovita, forty-eight years old, who is one of the best carpenters in the Oranges and a Russian nobleman on the side, ran his string of arrests for intoxication up to 108 the other day.

The Romanoff, as his papers are said to prove him to be, is now an American citizen. He always calls on himself as a citizen to arrest himself as a law violator when he drinks too much. On this occasion, as usual, he took himself in his own custody to the Orange police headquarters and there surrendered his prisoner, preferring against him a well-founded charge of intoxication.

The one-time aristocrat appeared in court as a combined plaintiff and defendant, testifying against the accused, but at the same time asking for leniency on his behalf and suggested that he be paroled in his own custody. But the court held that 108 times were too many.

"Thirty days in jail," said Judge Davis. "That is what I promised you the last time you were here."

New Heart Remedy

Paris.—A new drug for treating affections of the heart has been obtained from a common African plant of the order of the milkweed by a French chemist, Rene Hamet. It is a glucoside to which the name usarin has been given.

"Tough Racket"

New York.—Mrs. Edith M. Baker, thirty-five, widow, is engaged in a "tough racket." That's what she calls taxi driving, her occupation. She does it to keep her sixteen-year-old boy in school.

Ancient Stone Lion

Still Rules Babylon

Babylon, Mesopotamia.—The Lion of Babylon still broods over the ruins of the once mighty city. Carved solidly in stone and resting heavily on its haunches, the beast gazes impassively on the remnants of the dead metropolis.

Members of the Field museum-Oxford university joint expedition visited the ruins at the conclusion of their season's work of excavating the neighboring city of Kish, near the Euphrates. Kish was the first city founded after the biblical flood, ancient inscriptions declare.

Near the lion is the great pyramid mound in Borsippa, in a suburb of Babylon. With its seven stages, this is said to be one of the possible sites of the tower of Babel mentioned in Genesis.

Also close to the ponderous leonine figure are the ruins of El-Kasr, said to have been the palace of Nebuchadnezzar, ruler when Babylon was at the summit of its glory.

Beneath the figure of the lion lies a human shape, whether man or woman no one knows and none can tell the significance of the two except to suggest that the Lion of Babylon is crushing the rest of mankind.

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The Traffic Officer

If every car owner used Champion Spark Plugs there would be fewer traffic jams due to cars stalling.

Champion is the better spark plug because it has an exclusive silicon mantle insulator specially treated to withstand the much higher temperatures of the modern high-compression engine. Also a new patented solid copper gasket-seal that remains absolutely gas-tight under high compression. Special analysis electrodes which assure a fixed spark-gap under all driving conditions.



CHAMPION Spark Plugs

Dependable for Every Engine

One of the saddest disillusionments to go back and find your homestead wasn't worth while.



BT people know this absolute for pain, but are you careful Bayer when you buy it? And always give a glance to see on the box—and the word printed in red? It isn't the Bayer Aspirin without it! Always has Bayer, with the directions tucked in every box:



American Ideas
An exhibition of German architecture, in exhibition under the title "The New Kitchen," has been produced by the producers of the exhibition to show the latest American household efficiency.

of the golden rule about helping a man find his way out on the street.

Landies ARGH

that FAULTS the perfect edis nothing quired than with either

make flour a complete AULTLESS oil it.

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FAULT-ster and Faultless y thread

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The Colfax Bookplate

By AGNES MILLER

SYNOPSIS

On a certain momentous Monday morning Miss Constance Fuld, cataloguer and seller of rare books at Darrow's New and Second-Hand Bookshop, New York, notices that the first customer is a dignified, white-haired old gentleman, who saunters into the alcove placarded "Medical Works." Peter Burton, one of the employees, announces Constance by telling her he paid \$10 at auction for an old law book containing a Colfax bookplate. Suddenly a girl's shriek of "Murder!" rings out in the store. The elderly customer is on the floor unconscious, with his right wrist slashed. Just before the shrieking girl falls in a faint, she calls out to Peter: "Keep it! Keep it for me!" Peter's sister, Nancy, began that morning working at Darrow's. She tells Constance of her engagement with Brandon Tower, a shorthand teacher, an eloquent which was cut short when Tower attempted to make off with Nancy's suitcase. Constance explains Darrow's card-index system to Captain Ashland of England, a nephew of Mr. Darrow's. They examine the book Peter paid \$10 for and find the bookplate to be a forgery.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"At the same time, the young woman who discovered Mr. Grosvenor on the floor of the shop was identified as his granddaughter, Miss Julia Grosvenor, of the same address. She was also in Mercy hospital, having sustained an injury to her foot when giving the alarm, and being rendered unconscious by it for several hours.

"Detectives under the direction of Sgt. Benjamin Almy were immediately assigned to the case from headquarters. As yet, however, no motive or clue bearing on the attack has been found, nor any trace of a weapon discovered.

"Henry Ballard, attorney-at-law, Mr. Grosvenor's legal adviser, expressed himself as greatly surprised and shocked at the accident.

"I had not seen Mr. Grosvenor for some months," said Mr. Ballard. "My occasional transactions for him extended over the last ten years, since his retirement from business. He had no family but two grandchildren, who are cousins. One of them, Miss Julia Grosvenor, so unhappily the discoverer of this distressing attack on her grandfather, is a most charming and attractive young lady, and recently returned from completing her professional education in Italy. The other is a young man named Charles MacIvor, who, I believe, does not live in New York."

"The dead man was rated as being worth close to a million dollars. The address of Charles MacIvor could not be obtained up to a late hour last night."

I had no quiet moments in the shop that morning. No yellow notes were needed to make the staff punctual, or even ahead of time, that Tuesday. Daisy Abbott had been the first to arrive on the scene, and had found a group of reporters waiting outside for Mr. Darrow, and a photographer from Daily Snapshots, who with more acumen than some of his confreres the correspondents had displayed, was taking a picture of Ulysses as "faithful black identifier of victim" to quote next day's caption.

Daisy's importance got on everybody's nerves somewhat, except the virtually nonexistent ones of Captain Ashland, who had come down unaccountably early to join us in gazing at the scenery. But a happy diversion was imminent. Suddenly we were jolted by Nancy, looking like the rosy dawn in an extremely new frock, and followed closely by Peter.

"Do you think this dress is all right, Constance?" (Constance!) "Don't you think dark-brown flat crepe is really much better than blue serge, after all? I got it down in Grand street, last night. Of course the skirt's nowhere near eight inches off the ground, but how could I possibly let down a knife-plated hem—What in the world is the matter, Peter darling?"

"For Heaven's sake shut up, Nancy! And if you ever call me that again here I'll have you fired!" hissed Peter, giving his affectionate sister a highly fraternal glare. Nancy shot a glance of solicitude at his handsome purple countenance, and addressed the meeting:

"He would drink three cups of coffee this morning! Peter says my coffee is so good! But three cups do make him nervous. Still, this morning—the surprise, you know. He needed something."

"The surprise?" echoed Daisy Abbott, as quick as lightning, in a sweet elder-sisterly tone nicely calculated to give Nancy the encouragement she did not at all need.

"Oh, you don't know! Why, what do you all think? That beautiful girl who fainted right here yesterday lives in the floor below us in Normandy terrace!"

"This time I just managed to overhaul Daisy."

"I think there's something you don't know, Nancy," I shot in, after a swift glance at Peter. "Have you heard that the old man who was hurt here yesterday morning has died?"

"Mercy!" gasped Nancy, for once unshocked. "When yesterday afternoon? No, we loyal and disciplined specimens of young womanhood—

stenographers must be—didn't get told anything like that. I expect we are too young. All we knew was that there'd been an accident. Why didn't you tell me about the poor old gentleman, and not let me talk so much, Peter, dear?"

"Elevator's waiting," announced Ulysses ingratiatingly, at this crucial instant. Peter hurried his sister into it, politely waved Captain Ashland in ahead of him, slammed the door in the face of the amazed operator, and let the car shoot up, as the clock struck nine.

Thinking he had remained downstairs to speak to Mr. Case about some business, I resolved to get a word in first. But as I turned to call him, he was already coming down the aisle.

"Whatever am I going to do with that confounded kid?" he broke out.

"She's most efficient," I sighed. "though I cannot always follow her technique. I've a piece of news I hate to break to you, but here it is: that Colfax bookplate is a counterfeit. You were deceived—I almost was, it's so clever—but it's not an engraving. It's a drawing."

For a minute Peter looked as if he had been hit on the head, hard. Then finally he gasped:

"In that case why does everybody want it? I'll bet anything that old man, too, was after it!"

I nearly hugged him! For, independently, he had plainly arrived at the same conclusion which I had reached, and abandoned as foolish, and had all the time longed to stick to; namely, that some irresistible interest was inherent in that bookplate for . . . "everybody!" One other piece of information I demanded.

"What makes you think the old man was after the bookplate, Peter?"

"You heard what she said to me!" Peter's tone showed no overwhelming respect for my mental processes.

"Keep it . . . for me." She remembered me from Richmond; the only thing she associated with me was that book; the thing she wanted in it was the bookplate, for I saw her examining it closely. So, naturally, I think her grandfather—who, you know, collected Virginia books—was after what she was after. See?"

But I had no time then to hug my satisfaction. The dear public was taking unusual interest in our quaint bookshop where a local citizen had met his end. Then in the middle of the morning, Daisy Abbott was discovered in hysterics at her desk at the rear of the shop, and sobbed out the sad news that Mr. Roberts had just given her a week's notice. It seemed that on his early morning tour of inspection of the building, Mr. Roberts had found her letting the "Daily Snapshots" man take her picture on the roof, to illustrate an interview for his special palladium of liberty, Gallivanting that particular morning, and disobeying specific orders not to discuss the accident, rubbed him out the wrong way, and Daisy was out of a job.

Rain finally brought us some slight respite with the multitude, and I seized the chance to start work again on the rare-book catalogue. I sought

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"I picked up the gallant Framingham, who had come to the rescue of a lady in distress at the price of an exceedingly awkward fall, out flat, back upward. And as he left the floor, he dropped a note at my feet.

It was yellow. It seemed dimly familiar. I picked it up. It bore a list of history books, neatly written in tiny precise letters. Remembrance of Professor Harrington's visit the previous day shot across my mind, for those books were such as he would buy, and he had retrieved my yellow note from the waste-basket.

That was all. I crushed it carelessly preparatory to casting it back into the basket, when suddenly—maybe because all my nerves were on edge with yesterday's accident and its increasingly mysterious complications—it seemed to me that for flimsy second-sheet paper that note crushed stiffly. Feeling curiosity enough to unfold it, I flattened it out, and turned it list side down. Yes, it was nothing but my yellow note. It had been torn—ah, that was why the crushed paper had folded stiffly and scraped my hand. There were three rows of little tears on the note, indeed, each one a series of slits. I wondered vaguely why Professor Harrington had concealed his book-list in Framingham unless he had thought to give it permanent burial; why he had chosen to carve a pattern on it. I stuffed the yellow note into my sweater pocket, and resolved to look at it again some time when I had no catalogue to write.

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"He is always affable; but he gives out about as much information as a department of state. I nearly swooned when he chose to present me with that clipping last evening."

"How did he come to have it?"

"He said he had seen old Mr. Grosvenor in the store, and so, when his picture appeared in the paper, he cut it out. He has worked here thirty years, you know, and Darrow's, to its smallest detail, is his whole life."

"What time did he give it to you?"

"About half-past four, perhaps five minutes before I handed it to you."

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Ulysses is superstitious. But anyway, he did a useful thing in identifying Mr. Grosvenor, however much he took his time in doing so."

"You may be interested to know," observed Mr. Roberts, "something about the wound suffered by Mr. Grosvenor."

"Yes, indeed."

"That slashing of his right wrist snapped a tendon. The doctors believe it was the pain of this suddenly broken tendon which made him faint, though an artery had been cut."

"It must have been a very dangerous and peculiar wound."

"Yes," said Mr. Almy; "there were numerous slashes on his wrist, each about half an inch long. They were on the inside of the wrist, all parallel to the base. It was a very strange



Mr. Almy Turned Briefly to the Desk Telephone.

wound. The wrist was badly mangled; the wounds had apparently been made with a small, sharp, thin blade. Their number certainly gave the impression that the attack was not only unusual, but spiteful as well. If the artery was severed, you see, and the old man rendered unconscious for some little time, death would have inevitably resulted. The purpose of all those other slashings is not clear."

"Weren't they dangerous . . . or painful?"

"Only moderately; they would never have prevented the victim from struggling, or crying for help."

"In that case," I inquired hesitatingly, "mightn't their presence suggest suicide?"

Mr. Almy shook his head.

"Other facts don't bear that reasoning out," he answered. "In the first place, the blow that cut the artery was dealt swiftly and forcibly. Now, Mr. Grosvenor, the doctors report, had a weak heart and every appearance of a man who had lived for years under a heavy nervous strain. He was also right-handed. He could not possibly have dealt such a forceful blow against his own right wrist. Then, as you know, the weapon, whatever it was, had been removed. Consequently, some one attacked him. It is my business to find out who that was. And as I understand you are willing to assist me in doing so, I will ask you now to remain here while I try to get some further information from your fellow-witnesses to the discovery of that accident in the shop."

Mr. Almy turned briskly to the desk telephone. I turned to Mr. Roberts, a private given contradictory orders by two generals. In the language of eyebrows, I inquired:

"What's going to happen to the rare-book catalogue? But I couldn't make him understand me; and, indeed, before I should have had time to present my case more clearly, I bounded—literally, bounded—Daisy Abbott, whom the telephone had just summoned.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Story of BRAVE BEAR



RAIN-IN-THE-FACE Underwood by Underwood

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

IT LIES before me as I write—a little old-fashioned book with the word "Autographs" stamped upon its frayed and stained green cloth cover. You know the kind of book it is and you can easily guess its contents—page after page on which are written in the fine Spencerian handwriting of the "Elegant Eighties" some such "sentiment" as "In the present age, boys have grand opportunities; may you improve yours that no regrets shall mar your manhood. Your teacher, Elizabeth . . ." Or in a sprawling school-girl hand, signed "Jennie" or "Minnie" or "Addie" is the declaration that

My pen is poor.
My ink is pale;
My love for you
Shall never fail!

If such were all that this "autograph book" contained, it would be no different from the thousands of others which were once cherished by our fathers and mothers and which now and then come to light again as we ransack an attic or delve into an old trunk.

But this particular book contains an autograph (or perhaps I should say, an "autoportrait") which makes it unique. On one of its pages is a pencil sketch, colored with bright purples and reds and blues, and signed by the Indian who drew it, "Brave Bear."

And so as American Indian day (September 28, this year) draws near and as I look at this little autograph with its unique "portrait of the artist by himself," I am minded to tell again the story of Brave Bear, a warrior of the Sioux. If there be left any who once knew Brave Bear, perhaps it may not seem quite appropriate to make American Indian day, which is observed in many states "in recognition of the contribution of the American Indian to our national tradition," the occasion for retelling the story of an Indian who was notorious rather than famous. For, from the point of view of the white man, Brave Bear was a "bad Indian." But there were in him some of those qualities, characteristic of the American Indian, which no one, whether he be white or red, can help admiring.

Wapapay (Brave Bear or the Fearless Bear) was a member of the Cut Head band of the Yanktonal tribe of the Sioux in North Dakota. He first appears in history as the boon companion of the famous warrior, Rain-in-the-Face, popularly (and erroneously) known as the slayer of General Custer at the Battle of Little Big Horn. In his declining years Rain-in-the-Face told the story of his life to Dr. Charles A. Eastman, an educated Sioux, and it is in Doctor Eastman's book, "Indian Heroes and Great Chieftains," published by Little, Brown & Company, that Rain-in-the-Face tells how he, Brave Bear and Hohay, the Assiniboine captive of Sitting Bull, made a daring attack on Fort Totten, N. D., in the summer of 1896. Here is the story as Rain-in-the-Face told it:

Wapapay, the Fearless Bear, who was afterward hanged at Yankton, was the bravest man among us. He dared Hohay to make the charge. Hohay accepted the challenge, and in turn dared the other to ride with him through the agency and right under the walls of

away. The Sioux boys whooped and yelled:

"His enemy is down, and his face is spattered as if with rain! Rain-in-the-Face! His name shall be Rain-in-the-Face!"

Afterwards, when I was a young man, we went on a warpath against the Gros Ventres. We stole some of their horses, but were overtaken and had to abandon the horses and fight for our lives. I had washed my face to represent the sun when partly covered with darkness, so I painted it half

black, half red. We fought all day in the rain, and my face was partly washed and streaked with red and black; so again I was christened Rain-in-the-Face. We considered it an honorable name.—Statement of Rain-in-the-Face to Dr. Charles A. Eastman in an interview, as reported in Eastman's "Indian Heroes and Great Chieftains." (Little, Brown & Company.)

To good-natured people, to be told that they are good-natured is frequently reward enough.



BRAVE BEAR'S SELF-PORTRAIT

the fort, which was well garrisoned and strong.

Wapapay and I in those days called each other "brother-friend." It was a life-and-death vow. What one does the other must do; and that meant that I must be in the forefront of the charge, and if he is killed, I must fight until I die also! I prepared for death. I painted as usual like an eclipse of the sun, half black and half red.

Now the signal for the charge was given! I started even with Wapapay but his horse was faster than mine, so he left me a little behind as we neared the fort. This was bad for me, for by that time the soldiers had somewhat recovered from the surprise and were aiming better.

Their big guns talked very loud, but my Wapapay was leading on, leaning forward on his feet pony like a flying squirrel on a smooth log! He held his bow much on the right side, a little to the front, and so did I. Our war-whoop was like the coyotes sing in the evening, when they smell blood! The soldiers' guns talked fast, but few were hurt. Their big gun was like a toothless old dog, who only makes himself hotter the more noise he makes.

How much harm we did I do not know, but we made things lively for a time; and the white men acted as people do when a swarm of bees get into camp. We made a successful retreat, but some of the reservation Indians followed us yelling, until Hohay told them that he did not wish to fight with the captives of the white man, for there would be no honor in that. There was blood running down my leg, and I found that both my horse and I were slightly wounded.

After that daredevil feat, Brave Bear drops out of sight, at least so far as history records any of his doings. The next written record of him is in the book, "My Friend, the Indian," published by Houghton Mifflin company, and written by the late Maj. James McLaughlin, who as Indian agent on the Devils Lake and Standing Rock reservations in North Dakota had occasion in both places to know Brave Bear. In 1873 Brave Bear and a companion named The Only One entered the stable of a settler named DeLorme near Pembina, N. D., for the purpose of stealing horses. When two of the owners approached the stable, the two Indians shot and killed both and mortally wounded a third man. Then they entered the DeLorme house, shot and seriously wounded two women there and after rifling the place and taking several horses escaped into the Missouri river country, passing through the Devils Lake reservation as they did so but keeping away from the agency. As soon as Major McLaughlin, who was then Indian agent at Devils Lake, heard of the crime, he reported it to the civil authorities of Dakota territory, but they were unable to capture the murderers.

Five years later (in the winter of 1878) Major McLaughlin learned that Brave Bear and The Only One had returned to Devils Lake and were living among their people, the Cut Heads, in the western part of the reservation. Accordingly he arranged to capture them in the early spring before their ponies were in condition to start out on their usual raids against

white settlements. He called a council of their band, feeling sure that they would not dare absent themselves from the council, and asked Capt. James M. Bell, who was stationed with two troops of the Seventh cavalry at Fort Totten to be on hand for the council and make the arrest.

His plan worked well, for as soon as the two Indians had entered the council room Lieut. Herbert J. Stoum with a file of soldiers surrounded them. As they passed out of the building under guard, The Only One made a desperate attempt to escape. He was shot by the soldiers as he bounded across the prairie, but when they approached he sprang up with a knife in his hand and died fighting. Brave Bear was taken to Pembina for trial but escaped from the jail there and made his way to the Pine Ridge reservation. Fearing arrest if he stayed there, he stole a horse and started north. Near Fort Sully he waylaid a settler named Johnson, killed him and taking the man's rifle, escaped into Canada, where he joined Sitting Bull's band of fugitives.

In the summer of 1881 Sitting Bull returned to the United States and surrendered and Brave Bear had

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



Zac Meant "Home-loving"



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

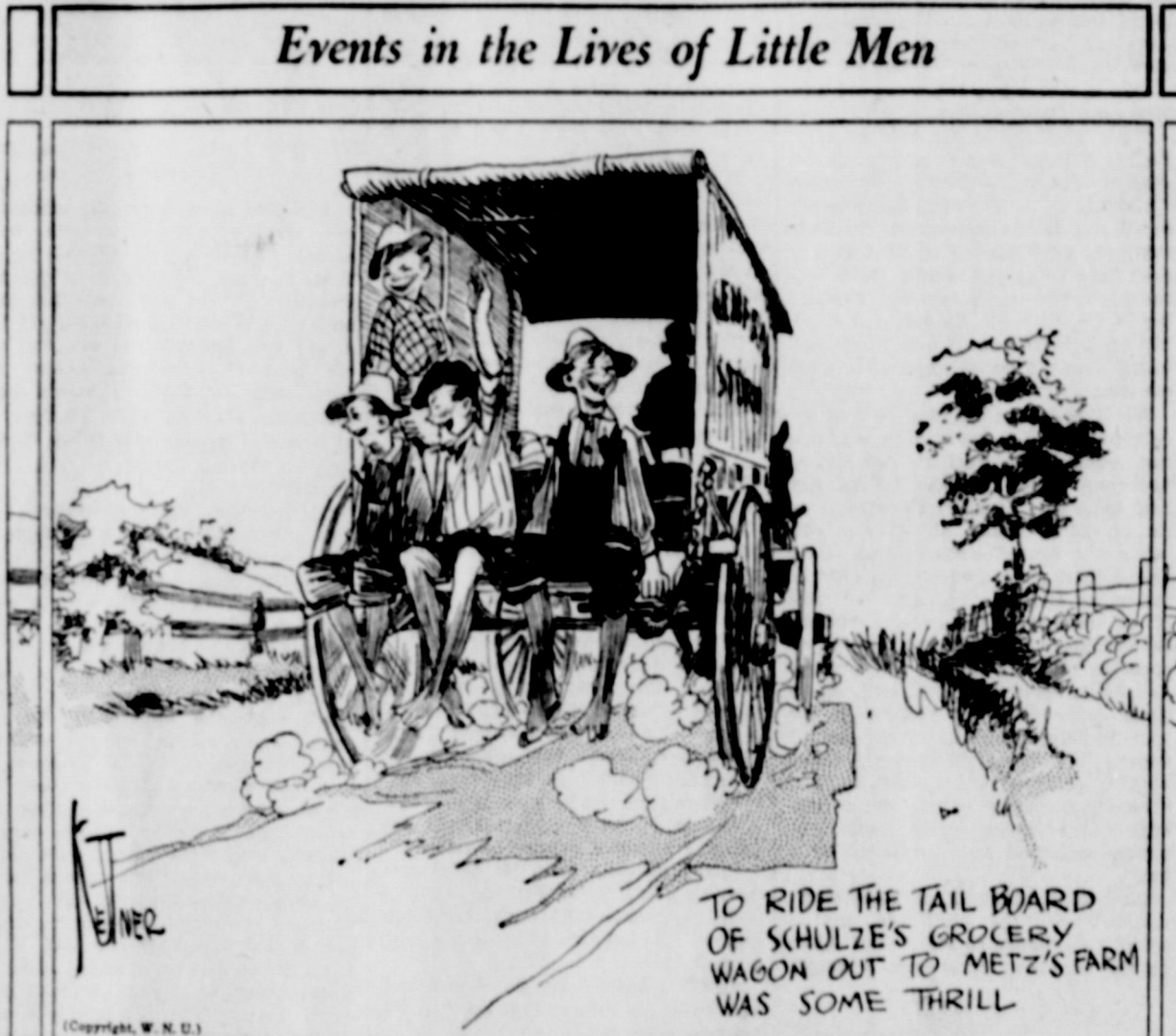
By F. O. Alexander



Why, Michael, of Course



No Place for Him



Events in the Lives of Little Men

TO RIDE THE TAIL BOARD OF SCHULZE'S GROCERY WAGON OUT TO METZ'S FARM WAS SOME THRILL



MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe



All the News That's Fit to Print



The Clancy Kids

"When I Work on a Paper, I Stick" Said the Fly

By PERCY L. CROSBY



EDDIE, THE AD MAN



BILL BOOSTER SAYS

WHILE MOST OF US ARE WORKING AT OUR JOBS TO MAKE AS GOOD A LIVING AS POSSIBLE...



THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I spend my days in common ways. My life is far from snappy...

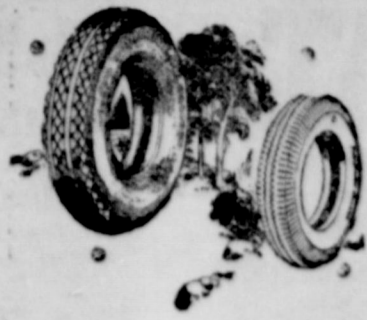
PLENTY OF CREDIT



FOR SALE—About 250 head of good Rambouillet bucks for sale at \$25 per head, 1 to 4 years old. See me at Fort Stockton, J. M. Montgomery.

Cactus Bridge Club. Mrs. Herbert Buchanan was hostess to the Cactus Bridge

Club at her home last Thursday afternoon. The high score prize, a pair of pillow cases, was won by Mrs. L. A. Maddox. A telephone directory was the second high score prize that went to Mrs. T. H. Butler. A salad course was served.



Official Price Reduction

You can buy a Goodyear

At no more than you are asked to pay for ordinary tires.

Tire prices are lower than they have ever been in tire history.

Our stock is complete and contains your size

Ferguson Motor Co.

Lincoln—Ford—Fordson Phone 10

You will Enjoy

Our meats. Tender as can be, tasty and richly flavored, is the meat that you order from us.

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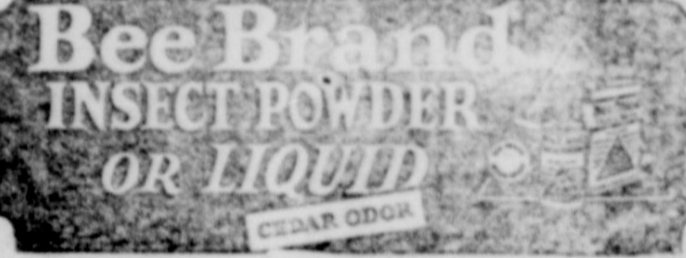
Sanderson Market

JACK GRAY, MGR.

Declare War on All Insects—Kill Them

and keep them away. Use Brand Insect Powder or Liquid kills Flies, Ants, Mosquitoes, Fleas, Bed Bugs, and other insects. Won't hurt your plants and pets. Write us for FREE insect booklets. If dealer can't supply, write to us at Sanderson, Tex.

BEE BRAND Powder Liquid 1 lb. \$1.00 5 lb. \$4.25 10 lb. \$7.50 25 lb. \$17.50 50 lb. \$32.50 100 lb. \$57.50



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in line in color in performance

The Silver Anniversary

BUICK

The Master Six on Three Wheelbases.

We cordially invite you to inspect these cars.

Casner-McKnight Motor Co.

PRINCESS THEATRE

TONIGHT, Friday, Sept. 21—HAROLD LLOYD, in "SPEEDY"

Harold ties up New York traffic on Fifth Avenue with his old time mule drawn street car.

SATURDAY and MONDAY, Sept. 22 and 24—CHARLIE MURRAY and CHESTER CONKLIN in "McFADDEN'S FLATS"

Its a mansion of mirth! Built on a foundation of fun; a cornerstone of comedy; shingles of smiles; rafters of roars! Six reel apartments completely furnished with all modern inconveniences and brand new gags. If you've ever laughed your head off at an Irish Scotch joke, imagine the fun you'll have at a picture that's a thousand jokes in one!

TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25 and 26—ANOTHER BIG PICTURE, Constance Talmadge in "DUCHESS OF BUFFALO"

One of those magnificent pictures that only Constance herself can make. Another of those good First National Pictures.

THURSDAY and FRIDAY, Sept. 27 and 28—POLA NEGRI in "THREE SINNERS"

Good things to eat . . . made better with

PINEAPPLE UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

1 cup sugar 1/2 cup butter 1/2 cup flour 1/2 cup raisins 1/2 cup pineapple 1/2 cup walnuts 1/2 cup almonds 1/2 cup pecans 1/2 cup walnuts 1/2 cup almonds 1/2 cup pecans



Grease bottom of one skillet or heavy aluminum pan with light brown sugar. Dip generously with butter. Place on this mixture slices of canned pineapple which have been drained. Place the following berries near the top. BATTER: Beat three eggs well in a light then gradually add 1 1/2 cups sugar. Add alternately 1/2 cup water, 1/2 cup flour, 1/2 cup raisins, 1/2 cup walnuts, 1/2 cup almonds, 1/2 cup pecans. Pour batter over mixture in pan and bake 30 minutes. When done, turn out. Cut with electric and serve, and whorled cream if desired. Serves 12 or 14 persons. TEMPERATURE 350 degrees TIME 1 hour



LEMON DIVINITY PIE

1 egg 1 tablespoon hot lemon juice 1 cup sugar 1/2 cup butter 1/2 cup flour 1/2 cup almonds 1/2 cup walnuts 1/2 cup pecans



BEEFSTEAK CREOLE

2 pounds round steak 1/2 cup tomatoes 1/2 cup onion 1/2 cup green pepper 1/2 cup celery 1/2 cup mushrooms 1/2 cup mushrooms 1/2 cup mushrooms 1/2 cup mushrooms

Electric Cookery

—and here's the secret:

ELECTRIC OVENS preserve the natural tasty juices upon which food flavor depends.

WITH ELECTRIC cookery there are no dry, tasteless roasts . . . for they come out of the oven juicy, tender and tempting.

THERE IS a finer texture and greater delicacy to cakes that are electrically baked. Pies become flaky and delicious and healthfully digestible in the electric oven.

VEGETABLES ARE tastier and their valuable vitamins and mineral salts are retained when they are cooked in a small amount of water, the electrical way.

You will want this COOK BOOK

There is a book at our store which is yours for the asking. It contains many new recipes beautifully illustrated in color. They will add variety and delight to your meals.



RATTLE OF THE RAIL.

Engineer H. W. Sherod has been assigned to a regular freight run out of here in the vacancy created by Engineer C. Gillespie returning to El Paso.

Fireman H. C. Crabtree returned Sunday from attending the safety meeting in El Paso.

Yardmaster J. C. Hicks returned Saturday from El Paso where he attended the safety meeting.

Engineer Joe Cottle was off a couple of trips this week account of sickness in his family.

Engineer A. W. Young was down from El Paso a trip on passenger last week.

Engineer V. J. Worchester and wife have returned from a short visit to points in California.

Fireman E. Hord, who has been working out of Del Rio for some time, has resigned.

Gets Arm Caught in Wringer.

Bobby, the son of Mr. and Mrs. John O'Dell, accidentally got his arm caught in the wringer of the washing machine Monday and it was due to the prompt aid of his mother and neighbors that he was not seriously hurt.

Too, the wringer was not clamped down and this saved his arm from being torn loose from the shoulder. The arm was badly bruised but no bones were broken.

Excellent selection of beautiful patterns of rugs in stock for Congoleum week at Kerr's; October 1st to October 6th.

P. T. A. Met Thursday. The P. T. A. met last Thursday at the high school auditorium with the president, Mrs. J. H. Loehausen, presiding.

As this was the first meeting of the year many plans were discussed for the year's work and the various committees were appointed.

A large number both of new and old members were enrolled and the Association has bright prospects for the year.

Highway Lunch Room

Short Orders a Speciality A Good Place to Eat

Bertha Whistler

Chiropractor

OFFICE AT RESIDENCE

Phone 53

The Spine is the Human Switchboard controlling health and vigor



Compact releases the Power within



Bottled in Bond Your Surety of Quality

Empress Confectionery

Clyde Mills Commission Co.

I have for sale exclusively quite a number of ranches at a bargain. Get your finances ready, make your dates, and rest assured someone else will not get ahead of you.

Also live stock of all kinds at all times. Don't forget "Buys anything any time," "Sells everything every time."

Extra Special

- Ladies Full Fashion Hose Lisle top . . . 1.00
Ladies Full Fashion Hose all silk, pointed heel . . . 1.19
Turkish Towels large size, only . . . 25c
Mens Pure Silk Socks in all colors . . . 50c
Mens Fancy Shirts Collar attached . . . 1.29

Come early to get the choice of these specials

L. Forschheimer

"STANDS UP"



THE NEW ZEROLENE for your motor

Christian Science Society. Christian Science services are held each Sunday evening at 8 o'clock at the Masonic Hall. The public is cordially invited.

Mrs. W. C. Durbin and children came in last week from Junction to make their home here.



W. C. ROUNTREE, M. D. Polk's A. Specialty. If you have any of the following symptoms, I have the remedy, no matter what your trouble has been: Nervousness, stomach trouble, loss of weight, loss of sleep, sore mouth, pains in the back and shoulders, peculiar swimming in the head, frothy like phlegm in throat, passing mucous from the bowels, especially after taking purgatives, lurning feet, brown, rough or yellow skin, burning or itching skin, rash on the hands, face and arms resembling sunburn, habitual constipation, (sometimes alternating with diarrhoea) copper or metallic taste, skin sensitive to sun heat, forgetfulness, despondency and thoughts that you might lose your mind, gums a fiery red and taking away from the teeth, general weakness with loss of energy. If you have these symptoms and have taken all kinds of medicine and still sick, I especially want you to write for my booklet, Questionnaire and FREE Diagnosis. W. C. ROUNTREE, M. D. AUSTIN, TEXAS, BOX 1150.

Golden rust - Bread -

The Bread with real taste and strength-building ingredients put into it in the making and the baking.

BREEDING'S BAKERY

You make yourself a present of two pairs of silk hose when you treat them once with "Runnon." One 25c package will treat ten pairs thus giving you over twenty pairs free. Empress Confectionery.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Lyles of Del Rio were visitors here Monday. Mr. Lyles was one of the attorneys in the Hamilton-Hart case which was disposed of Monday.